



Profiles in Wellness



Bernice A. Morfin

New Mexico

I never considered myself to be a serious smoker.

On the night of August 23rd, 2003 I awoke in the middle of the night, craving a cigarette. I went outside to my car to see if I had a half-smoked cigarette in my ash tray. Unsuccessful, I began searching throughout the house for a cigarette.

My husband felt bad for me and decided he would drive 12 miles into the nearest town to buy me some cigarettes. Two and a half hours later, my husband drove up with my cigarettes in his hand.

He explained that it took so long because 30 seconds before he reached an intersection, a 14 wheeler plowed into a small vehicle and he stopped to help the victims. If he had left home 30 seconds earlier, the truck probably would have hit him.

I went inside and realized that this little 4 inch cigarette was controlling me and could have changed my life and the lives of my children forever. I made up my mind that I would never smoke again.

It's been 2 years, 1 month, and 26 days. I will never smoke again and don't miss it at all.